

NO 21
OCT.-NOV.

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



HERBIE

12

TCH, TCH.
HOW DO I GET
OUT OF THIS
ONE?

**LAFFS
UNLIMITED!**
The
PLUMP LUMP
"YAY, TEAM!"
HERBIE, in
**"A VIKING to your
LIKING!"**



ODDEN
WHITNEY

NO 21
OCT.-NOV.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

IND.



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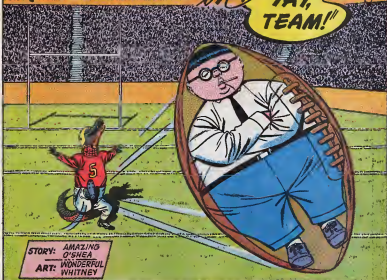
ODDEN
GAINTRY



HERO... DICTIONARY DEFINITION, ANY PERSON RASH ENOUGH TO READ **HERBIE** AND NOT LAUGH HIS HEAD OFF! DON'T BE THAT SORT OF IDIOT, JACK. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ALL YOUR TEETH AND VALUE YOUR BONES, SETTLE BACK FOR A REAL FUNFEST. IT'S

The PLUMP LUMP,

in "YAY, TEAM!"



STORY: AMAZING O'SHEA
ART: WONDERFUL WHITNEY

HERE'S HERBIE, WHO'S INVENTED A MACHINE. JUST LOOK AT IT WORK...



...AND NOW, BY GEORGE, THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING HAS BUILT HIMSELF A LOLLIPOP-FEEDING MACHINE! OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SONS WHO DO THINGS... GREAT THINGS, THINGS THAT MAKE A FATHER PROUD...



HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, October-November, December-January. © 1966 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparta, Illinois 62366. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Liger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comic Group, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, IL. Printed in U.S.A. No. 21, Oct-Nov, 1966.

...LIKE GOING OUT FOR FOOT-BALL! YESSIR...RUNNING DOWN THE FIELD, ELUDING THE OPPOSITION...STRAIGHT-ARMING ONE MAN, THEN ANOTHER...



THE GOAL LINE REELS CLOSE...THE CROWD GOES WILD AND...OOPS!



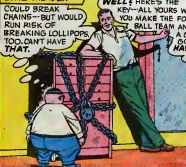
OH-HH!
MY B-BEST
VASE!

IT...IT WOULD BE WORTH IT IF ONLY I COULD SEE MY SON MAKING THE FOOT-BALL TEAM...BUT HOW COULD I EVEN MAKE HIM TRY OUT?...WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



WELL...YOU CAN BET THAT HERBIE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA...

COULD BREAK CHAINS...BUT WOULD RUN RISK OF BREAKING LOLLIPOPS, TOO, CAN'T HAVE THAT.



WELL? HERE'S THE KEY--ALL YOURS WHEN YOU MAKE THE FOOT-BALL TEAM AND WIN A GAME FOR GOOD OLD HASSENPEFFER HIGH!

WINNING A GAME FOR HASSENPEFFER WAS NO CINCH. FRANKLY, THE TEAM WAS LOUSY...



AND THINGS WEREN'T GOING TOO WELL WITH COACH BUMPO, EITHER...

AS PRINCIPAL, I MUST POINT OUT THAT YOU HAVEN'T WON A GAME ALL SEASON, COACH. AND NOW THERE'S JUST ONE MORE GAME TO PLAY BEFORE...



I KNOW. ONE MORE GAME TO PLAY BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR THE BIG INTERSECTIONAL MATCH WITH WANOO PREP, THAT INDIAN SCHOOL DOWN IN THE EVERGLADES. SO?

SO THIS! UNLESS YOU WIN THAT LAST HOME GAME BEFORE LEAVING FOR WANOO, YOU'RE BEING REPLACED! MURGATROYD WIMPUS, THAT HOT-SHOT COACH FROM BACK EAST, HAS APPLIED FOR YOUR JOB. AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION HAS DECIDED THAT UNLESS YOU COME UP WITH A VICTORY FAST, HE'S GOING TO GET IT!





NOW HERBIE GOT A CHANCE TO RUN WITH THE BALL IN PRACTICE---



BUT THERE WAS A WITNESS TO ALL THIS--MURGATROYD WIMPUS---

ASSORTED CURSES--IF THAT PLUMP LUMP GETS TO PLAY IN NEXT SATURDAY'S GAME, HE'S A C'NCH TO WIN IT! THAT MEANS THAT COACH BUMPO WILL KEEP HIS JOB--AND I WON'T GET TO TAKE OVER! I'VE GOT TO FIX THINGS!



SATURDAY---

SECOND HALF ALREADY. HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T PUT ME IN GAME YET--?

THE OTHER TEAM'S LEADING 3-0--I'M JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO SCORE, THEN IN YOU GO! I'M GIVING YOU AS A SURPRISE--TO CATCH OUR OPPONENTS OFF GUARD!



EEE-YOWW--

THEY FUMBLERD AND WE RECOVERED ON THEIR 20-YARD LINE! GO AHEAD IN, POPNECKER!

SURE, GO AHEAD--BUT YOU WON'T GO VERY FAR!

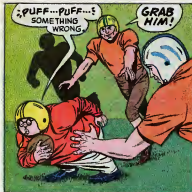


HURRAH! IT'S OUR BOY, GOING INTO THE GAME NOW! NOW WE'LL SEE SOMETHING, BY GEORGE! JUST WATCH!



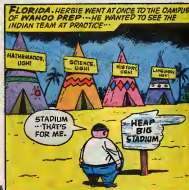
GOT IT, CLEAR FIELD, CAN RUN FOR TOUCHDOWN, WIN GAME.

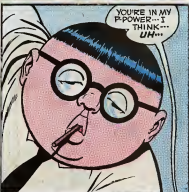
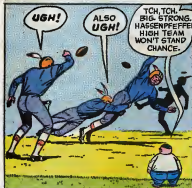
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SO COACH BUMPO WAS OUT AND MURDOCK WIMPUS TOOK OVER AS NEW COACH! AND NOW THE TEAM ENTRAINED---DESTINATION, FLORIDA---AND THE BIG FINAL INTERSECTIONAL GAME WITH WAHOO PREP!







SS-SOMEBODY
GET THE NUMBER
---OF THAT TRUCK---



BOYBOY---
FATBURGER!
YUM, YUM! HA-HA
---HE'LL NEVER
KNOW WHAT HIT
HIM!



GOTCHA!



DON'T HAVE
TO ASK. YOU
DO WANT I
SHOULD BOP
YOU WITH THIS
HERE LOLLIPOP!

EEE-YIPE!



SOME DAYS IT
DOESN'T PAY TO GET
OUTA BED. I HADDA
MEET UP WITH
**HERBIE
POPNECKER**
YET!



THIS IS MY FIRST GAME AS COACH
OF HASSENPEFFER HIGH--AND I
WANT IT TO BE A **WINNING** ONE.
IT'LL MEAN PLENTY OF WAMPUM
FOR YOU IF YOU'LL
ADREE TO
THROW THE
SAME---

HUH?
YOU WANTUM
ME THROWUM
GAME---?



I SHOWUM
YOU! INDIAN
MAGIC--YOU
LIKE-UM?

YEE-EECH!

ARR-RRR





GOTTA
SEE HOW
THIS
COMES
OUT.



THE CHASE LED INTO A WILD FLORIDA AREA...
WHERE--

M-MAYBE THEY
WON'T FOLLOW
ME INTO HERE
... I HOPE!



MORE FUN THAN
BARREL OF
MONKEYS.



BUT WHAT'S THIS--? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED
TO THE BEAR--

DON'T GET IT.
WAS BIG BEAR.
SHRIMP NOW.



HIM TOO, HARD
TO UNDERSTAND.



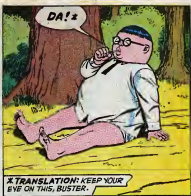
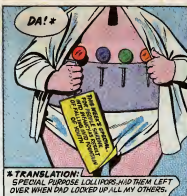
CRACK!

SPLASH!



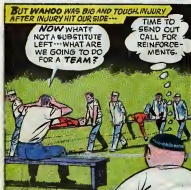
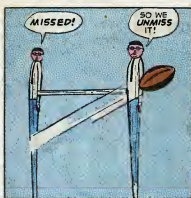
DA! *

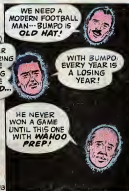
* TRANSLATION: MUST
BE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
NOW WHAT DO I DO?



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)







THERE WAS ONLY ONE WITNESS IN FAVOR...

SOME CHANCE BUMPO'S GOT WITH ONLY THAT PLUMP LUMP TO TESTIFY FOR HIM!

COACH WIMPUS NEVER WON GAME FOR HAGGENPFEFFER. AT LEAST COACH BUMPO WON BIG ONE AGAINST WAHOO.

WIMPUS WOULD HAVE WON IT EVEN BIGGER IF HE'D BEEN THERE!

DENY THAT. CAN'T SEND BOY ON MAN'S JOB.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SEND A BOY ON A MAN'S JOB?

SHOW YOU... WIMPUS! YOU CAN COME IN NOW!



WERE YOU CALLING I?

GULP!! IT---IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS BOARD THAT COACH BUMPO BE REINSTATED... WITH A RAISE YET!



HERBIE RUSHED HOME. YOU SEE, HE HAD A CAMPAIGN TO GET UNDERWAY---



PANT!... PANT!...

GR-RRRRR! WHEN IT COMES TO FOOTBALL, HE'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE FAT NOTHING...



...BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LOLLIPOPS, HE'S A BIG FAT SOMETHING!



THE END.



HERE'S HERBIE!



BIG FAT NEWS!

There's nothing the great *Herbie* can't do, right? *Wrong!* He can't do real magic-type magic—at least not until "*Herbie*" No. 22, our December-January issue! Featuring the famous *Fat Fury* in "*Just Like Magic!*" All we can say is "*Allego-Poop!*"—and you're dumb like a dope if you miss it! On the newsstands about the middle of October and it will be a great, giggly day in your life!

Read what it says up above? Read again, or will feel compelled to fracture you. Buy issue, or just may tear you to pieces. Now to other things. Have been accused of being too soft on readers. Plead guilty. Am loving, sentimental type. Doubt it and probably lose teeth. Want to be loved in return or will cut loose with contusions and lacerations. Also want letters from all fans expressing opinion my stories. This issue, want letters from every fan telling how great "*Viking To Your Liking*" was. Also, admiring comment on other masterpiece, "*Yay, Team!*" That's all. Nothing to be ashamed of in truth. Address letters to "*Herbie*", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:-

Love your comics. Lotsa laffs . . . 675,786,879, 387,000,999 every page. Talent, but watch it . . . might die laughing, police arrest you for murder. Should come out weekly. Should be on television . . . probably get top ratings. Should send you to Vietnam, clear up things fast. Never missed issue, read each one 34,568,908 times, give or take a few. Fan. P.S.: Hope price of lollipops doesn't go up.

—Ken (The Killer) Miller,
20041 Hubbard, Detroit 35, Michigan."

Don't have to take this from you, Ken (The Killer) Miller. Obviously, don't like my book as much as deserves. Won't stand for being downgraded. Am known myself as Miller-Killer from way back. Heading for 20041 Hubbard, Detroit, set for lolly-bopping.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I am in such a rush to get a subscription to your magazine that I couldn't even find an extra penny

(boy, what happens to my money I'll never know!) for a lollipop. However, I managed to scrape up \$1.44 for a subscription for yours truly!

—Larry Kavert, 725 W. Columbia St.,
Long Beach, Calif. 90806."

Nice type, Larry. Smart. Recognizes subscription worth more than riches. Also best insurance against broken bones. Get next 12 glorious issues. Envy you your good luck, great fortune, happiness.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I would have written to the editor, but I didn't want him (or me either, for that matter) to 'get bopped. In the story '*Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster*', when Agent X-413-1/3 shot at you, the bullets bounced off. Don't tell me you're coated with Jet-Age plastic either, because even with all that fat, the bullets couldn't bounce off!

—Robert (Butch) W. Pugh III,
Route 1, Myrtle St., Crozet, Va."

You doubt me, Robert Butch? Sure bullets bounce off me, because am thoroughly repulsive type. Repulsive, fat, handsome. Doubt me, something sure to bounce off you, too. Me.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you're the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comic character there is. In school, I'm the greatest drawer and that's why I drew a picture of you. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. 'Cause you're the greatest comic character I've ever seen. Your friend and fan—

—Carmelo Bevacqua, 633 Tatlow Street,
Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada."

25c issue too cheap. Considering coming out with hundred dollar issue. That way, will only sell 416 trillion copies and leave enough paper available to publish few daily newspapers. Proves what fine, generous, fat type I am.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Like all your comics, think they're great. Like *Fat Fury*. Him honorable slob. Should print 'Herbie' twice day. Am brushing up on 'Herbie' language. Soon everybody speak.

Alan A. Sirvent, 20 Jefferson St.,
Brooklyn, New York."

Not honorable slob. Honorable fat slob . . . might as well be right about these things. "Herbie" language very fine. Considering making it worldwide, compulsory.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I'm writing to let you know that your comic is one of the few that my husband and I read and enjoy. I've been trying to get all your books to send to my husband in Viet Nam. The other boys there like your books too! So when my husband reads them, he passes them around. Are you going to have a TV show? I think you should be put on TV, because you are a great guy. I take that back—you are a great fat slob! Keep up the good work. Please let me know where to send the money and how much it costs to get your book every issue. Thanks!

—Mrs. Windy Alkire, 1133 Tupelo Street,
New Iberia, Louisiana."

Good lesson to all stupid non-readers—Mr. and Mrs. Alkire not in your group. Know what's good, know what to read. My books now being circulated in Viet Nam . . . beginning of end for Viet Cong. May be on TV soon—keep watching. To receive this magnificent magazine each issue, send \$1.44 for 12-issue subscription, together with address to which should go. Good luck from *Fat Fury*!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You are the greatest water rat—I mean fat water rat—in the galaxy. I would like to know what kind of nut is Professor Flipdome? Is he a crook? In 'Herbie' No. 4 (way back), in 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine', he seems like a

gangster, the way he almost killed you and your father with those giant insects. By the way, you did a splendid job in that story, Herbie! I do wish you would print this letter in 'Here's Herbie', because it represents twelve Herbie fans. If it does go in the column, we will get 6 more Herbie club fans. P.S.: If Flipdome is a phony, pop him for me. P.P.S.: I enclose \$1.44 for a 12-issue subscription to 'Herbie'!

—Michael Schuck, 626 10th Street North,
Moorhead, Minnesota."

Greatest fat water rat . . . how about that. Beginning to get credit due me. Promise will get still rattier and fattier. Professor Flipdome no phony, no gangster. Just dope is all. May pop you instead.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You have the coldest magazine on the shelves, speaking for my Herbie-hating pals. But I think your mag is tops! One question: is Herbie supposed to have a Beatle-like haircut? If so, it's too short!

—Robert Moore, 5018 Loring Circle,
Lincoln A.F.B., Lincoln, Neb."

Herbie-hating? Impossible. If low individuals of this type exist, are menace to all fine in human race. Me, in other words. Will act with decision. Bop. Bam. Al-Eeeeee. About Beatle-like haircut, perish thought. Own handsome haircut, complete with special Herbie bangs. Very good-looking. Beatles may soon adopt Herbie-like haircut, if know what's romantic and jazzy.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

We think you're the greatest! The only thing wrong is that we've only read one of your magazines. Will you do something for us? The next book you publish, would you have a picture of the *Fat Fury* on it? It will remind us of the world's funniest and greatest person. P.S.: We think you should have a TV show!

Charles & Tommy Middleton,
1047 Lenox Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio."

Want cover picture of "Fat Fury", don't miss next issue—"Herbie" No. 22, on newsstands about middle of October. Four picture, much handsomer than Mr. America. If you think I'm greatest after reading only one issue, can imagine what you'll think when read them all . . . and you'll be right.

HERBIE

"A VIKING
in to your
LIKING!"

ALL ABOARD, YOU WONDERFUL HERBIE-FANS! LAFF EXPRESS PULLING OUT ON TRACK 3, LOADED WITH ROARS, CHUCKLES AND SHRIEKS! DESTINATION: THE ANCIENT LAND OF THE VIKINGS AND A GOOD TIME FOR ALL. SO... TAKE IT AWAY, HERBIE!

STORY:
O'SHEA
ART:
WHITNEY

DON'T LOOK NOW... BUT DAD'S IN A NEW BUSINESS AGAIN!

BUT I'M TELLING YOU, MOM... THIS IS THE SMARTEST MOVE I EVER MADE! NOW THAT AMERICA'S ON WHEELS, ROADSIDE BUSINESSES ARE COINING MONEY... AND WHAT'S MORE INTERESTING TO FOLKS THAN A MUSEUM?

POPNECKER'S
ROADSIDE
MUSEUM

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DAD... WHAT'S THAT?

LIKE IT, EH? IT'S A GEN-U-WINE OLD VIKING SHIP, OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD! GETTING IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS ON MY PART, EVEN IF IT DID TAKE MY LAST CENT!

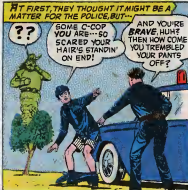


AT FIRST, THEY THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A MATTER FOR THE POLICE, BUT...

??

SOME C-COP YOU ARE... SO SCARED YOUR HAIR'S STANDIN' ON END!

AND YOU'RE BRAVE, HUH? THEN HOW COME YOU TREMBLED YOUR PANTS OFF?



THERE JUST WASN'T ANY GETTING RID OF THE HAUNT OF THE SHIP. THAT'S WHY THIS HAPPENED...

POPNECKER
ROADSIDE
MUSEUM

CLOSED BECAUSE WHAT
ELSE AM I GONNA DO?
-P. POPNECKER



WHAT SORT OF AN IDIOT WOULD SPEND HIS LAST CENT ON AN EXHIBIT LIKE THAT? NOBODY'LL BUY IT OR EVEN DRAG IT AWAY FREE, THEY'RE ALL SO SCARED OF THE GHOST!

WEE... WEE...

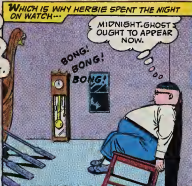
NOTHING ELSE TO DO... I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT GIVES WITH CRAZY VIKING SPIRIT.



WHICH IS WHY HERBIE SPENT THE NIGHT ON WATCH...

MIDNIGHT. GHOSTS OUGHT TO APPEAR NOW.

BONG!
BONG!
BONG!



YA-HA-HA-EEEE!



UHP!



H-HELP!
THAT FACE
...T TAKE
IT AWAY!



P-PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! I'VE GOTTA STICK AROUND HERE... I'VE GOTTA HAUNT THIS SHIP BY ANCIENT ORDERS I CAN'T DISOBEY!

OKAY, TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

SURE--BUT YOU LOOK KINDA FAMILIAR. CAN'T QUITE PLACE YOU, THOUGH--MY EYES AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

LISTEN, YOU GONNA TELL ME YOUR STORY... OR...

I CAN REMEMBER IT LIKE YESTERDAY. THE YEAR WAS 863 AND US VIKINGS HAD LEFT ON A BIG NAVAL EXPEDITION. I WAS A PRETTY IMPORTANT GUY---MATTER OF FACT, I WAS THE COMMANDER---

SURE, SURE, BUT I STILL SAY YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!

ROADSIDE MUSEUM
CLOSED BECAUSE WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO? I'M A VIKING!

CREW TO VIKING COMMANDER ERIC SHAPIRO! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

SAIL STRAIGHT FOR THE ENEMY. WHAT ELSE?

"AH, YES--WE USED TO HAVE GREAT TIMES IN THOSE DAYS. ON THE WAY TO OUR TARGET, WE STOPPED OFF FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE---BOY, WAS IT FUN!"

CHOP 'EM, BOP 'EM, RAH, RAH, RAH!

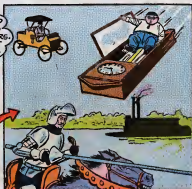
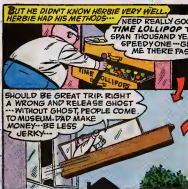
LIKE BOPPING, EH? LIKE ME--KINDRED SOULS. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TURN YOU INTO EARTH-BOUND GHOST?

IT'S NOT EASY TO REMEMBER AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. ALL I KNOW IS, I WAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF!

"I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO DID IT, BUT HE WAS A SMOOTH OPERATOR---HE GOT CONTROL OVER ME..."

TALK. WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?

CAN'T--KEEP IT BACK-ATTACKING---CASTLE OF KING---



**BUT NO MATTER HOW THEY TRIED TO
EXECUTE HIM---**



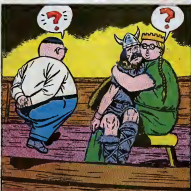
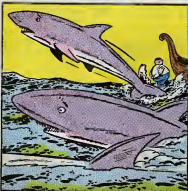
**YI! WOT
GIVES?**

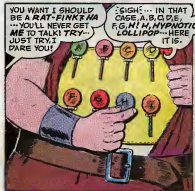
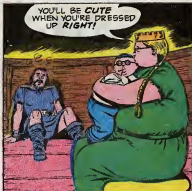


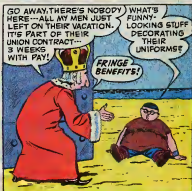
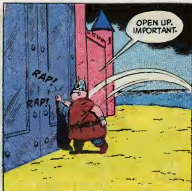
**THEY LOVE ME
---THEY LOVE
ME NOT---**



**FINALLY, IN DESPAIR ---THEY
PLUNG HIM TO THE SHARKS---**







(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

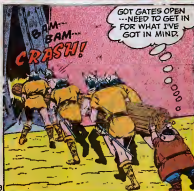
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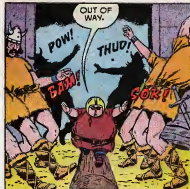
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NAME _____

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BUT MEANWHILE---

JUST REMEMBERED! PROMISED ERIC'S GHOST BACK IN MUSEUM GET EVEN FOR HIM ON SCOUNDREL WHO MADE HIM BETRAY HIS MEN. LET'S SEE NOW... WHAT WAS IT HE SAID GUY SAID TO HIM? "TALK. WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?"



SUDDENLY CAME A STARTLING MEMORY---

IN MY POWER. TALK. WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?

TH-THOSE EYES! THAT F-FACE! CAN'T

...KEEP IT BACK. ATTACKING... CASTLE OF KING NINCOMPOOP...

URP! ME WHO MADE HIM TELL---AND SAID IF I EVER FIND GUY WHO MADE HIM DO IT, BOP HIM WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP.



OH, WELL---

HAD TO KEEP PROMISE. HAD TO BOP ME WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP.

WHAM!



TCH, TCH. MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO 20TH CENTURY--- DIDN'T ACCOMPLISH A THING. FAILED. NOT USED TO FAILING.



H-HELP!

JUST THE SAME AS WHEN I LEFT.

CLOSED BECAUSE WHAT ELSE AM I GONNA DO? P. POPPNER



BUT NO---IT WASN'T EXACTLY THE SAME---

ERIC SHAPIRO, YOU STOP THAT SILLY HAUNTING AT ONCE, DO YOU HEAR? YOU COME RIGHT BACK INSIDE. THERE'S WASHING TO BE DONE ---AND AFTER THAT---



YOU! IT'S TOO LATE, LOVER --- WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BACK BEFORE I WAS MARRIED---

SURE TOO BAD.

I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT YOU. WAIT --- SHE MADE ME GET GLASSES---

THANK GOSH.



YOU! THE FELLA WHO HYPNOTIZED ME INTO GIVING AWAY OUR PLANS! **YOU'RE** THE REASON WHY I COULDN'T GET UP INTO VALHALLA LIKE THE OTHER GHOSTS--- AND WHY I HAD TO STAY AND HAUNT THE SHIP!

YEP. OUGHTA THANK ME FOR IT.

THANK YOU FOR IT! WHY?

NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY UP IN VALHALLA BUT PLAY HARPS. BORING. NOT ONE GHOST UP THERE WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH YOU. GOT CHANCE TO PUT ON REAL PERFORMANCE HERE, STAND 'EM IN AISLES. ALL HAVE TO DO IS PUT ON RIGHT KIND OF SHOW.

AND SO---

POPNICKER
ROADSIDE
MUSEUM

NOW APPEARING--IN
PERSON! THE SHADOWY
SHAPIROS' WORLD'S ONLY
MAN-AND-MIFE GHOST TEAM!

MOVE RIGHT
ALONG AND
TAKE YOUR
SEATS,
PLEASE.

WAIT TILL
YOU SEE
WHAT WE'VE
GOT FOR YOU
TONIGHT!

WE'RE EACH OF US A MOOKY SPOOK.
OUR ACT IS GREAT--YOU'LL CHEER IT.

YOU MAY NOT SHIVER, EVEN QUIVER,
'CAUSE YESSIR--THAT'S THE
SPIRIT!

HURRAH!
YAY!
THREE CHEERS!

WOW!

NOTTA
SHOW!

I JUST CAN'T
BELIEVE IT
---THE MUSEUM'S
MAKING
MILLIONS!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT A
GOOD BUSINESSMAN LIKE ME
COULDN'T MISS--THAT IF
YOU WANTED TO BE A SUCCESS,
IT WAS ALL A MATTER OF
GETTING THE RIGHT
PEOPLE TO WORK FOR
YOU? YOU SEE,
I WAS
RIGHT!

???

THE
END!

HEY KIDS-LOOK!

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GADGETS IN ONE
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